THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

The largest Circulation of any Newspaper in North Central Pennsylvania.

Terms of Subscription.

If paid in advance, or within 3 months....$2 00
If paid after 3 and before 6 months..... 2 50
If paid after the expiration of 6 months.... 3 00

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Transient advertisements, per square of 10 lines or less, 3 times or less.....$1 50
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Cautions and Estrays..... 1 50
Dissolution notices..... 2 00
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Job Work.

BLANKS.

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½ sheet, 25 or less, $1 00 | ¼ sheet, 25 or less, $75 00
1 sheet, 25 or less, 2 00 | 1 sheet, 25 or less, 10 00

Over 25 of each of above at proportionate rates.

GEORGE R. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

Cards.

T. H. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market st., opposite Naugle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. jel4'71

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. FRANK FIELDING.
WALLACE & FIELDING,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business of all kinds attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office in residence of William A. Wallace. jan12'70

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [dec5-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in the Court House. Clearfield, Pa. [1:1:72

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in the Court House. [Jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market St., over Joseph Shawers' Grocery store.
Prompt attention given to the securing of Bounty, Claims, &c., and to all legal business. March 20, 1867-1y.

THOS. J. M'CULLOUGH. GEO. R. M'CULLOUGH.
T. J. McCULLOUGH & BROTHER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Market street one door east of the Clearfield County Bank. [2:1:71

J. B. McENALLY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. 1:25:71-1ypd.

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
All legal business promptly attended to.

J. P. IRVIN.....D. L. KREBS
IRVIN & KREBS,
Successors to H. B. Swoope,
LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE,
Feb1,'72 CLEARFIELD, PA.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,68

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28,'67tf.

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. ypd

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Masonic Building, Room No. 1. 1:25:71

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander.
ORVIS & ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [sep15,'65-y

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 8 p. m.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Penfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 53d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'65-tf

JEFFERSON LITZ,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Osceola, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country.
All calls promptly attended to. Office and residence on Curtin st., formerly occupied by Dr. Kline. [May, 19th,

J. HOLLOWBUSH..... R. BAYIN CAREY.
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book. Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.
Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Paper. [ph24,70-1ypd

Cards.

F. K. ARNOLD & Co.,
BANKERS,
Luthersburg, Clearfield county, Pa.
Money loaned at reasonable rates; exchange bought and sold; deposits received, and a general banking business will be carried on at the above place. 4:12:71tf

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

JAMES C. BARRETT,
Justice of the Peace and Licensed Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Collections & remittances promptly made, and all kinds of legal instruments executed on short notice. may4,'70tf

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.
All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. mar30yp

HENRY RIBLING,
HOUSE, SIGN & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
Clearfield, Penn'a.
The frescoing and painting of churches and other public buildings will receive particular attention, as well as the painting of carriages and sleighs. Gilding done in the neatest styles. All work warranted. Shop on Fourth street, formerly occupied by Esquire Shugart. oct19'70

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my23:1ypd

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
jy23] CLEARFIELD, PA. [1

DAVID REAMS,
SCRIVENER & SURVEYOR,
Luthersburg, Pa.
THE subscriber offers his services to the public in the capacity of Scrivener and Surveyor. All calls for surveying promptly attended to, and the making of draft, deeds and other legal instruments of writing, executed without delay, and warranted to be correct or no charge. o12:70

SURVEYOR.
THE undersigned offers his services as a Surveyor, and may be found at his residence, in Lawrence township. Letters will reach him directed to Clearfield, Pa.
may 7-tf. JAMES MITCHELL.

J. A. BLATTENBERGER,
Claim and Collection Office,
OSCEOLA, Clearfield Co., Pa.
Conveyancing and all legal papers drawn with accuracy and dispatch. Drafts on and passage tickets to and from any point in Europe procured. oct5'70-6m

CHARLES SCHAFER,
LAGER BEER BREWER,
Clearfield, Pa.
HAVING rented Mr. Entres' Brewery he hopes by strict attention to business and the manufacture of a superior article of BEER to receive the patronage of all the old and many new customers. Aug. 25, tf.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy16-1y

GEO. ALBERT.....HENRY ALBERT.....W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
je25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county. Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. apr4,67

J. K. BOTTORF'S
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,
Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
CHROMOS MADE A SPECIALTY.
NEGATIVES made in cloudy as well as in clear weather. Constantly on hand a good assortment of FRAMES, STEREOSCOPES and STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS. Frames, from any style of moulding, made to order. apr28.tf

J. MILES KRATZER,
MERCHANT,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Clothing, Hardware,
Cutlery, Queensware, Groceries, Provisions and Shingles,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
At their new store room, on Second street, near H. F. Rigler & Co's Hardware store. [jan14

E. A. & W. D. IRVIN,
DEALERS IN
Real Estate, Square Timber, Logs
AND LUMBER.
Office in new Corner Store building.
nov12'71 Curwensville, Pa.

A Notorious Fact!
THERE are more people troubled with Lung Diseases in this town than any other place of its size in the State. One of the great causes of this is, the use of an impure article of Coal, largely mixed with sulphur. Now, why not avoid all this, and preserve your lives, by using only Humphrey's Celebrated Coal, free from all impurities. Orders left at the stores of Richard Mossop and James B. Graham & Sons will receive prompt attention.
ABRAHAM HUMPHREY.
Clearfield, November 30, 1870-tf.

1871 PHILADELPHIA 1871
WALL PAPERS.
HOWELL & BOURKE,
Manufacturers of
Paper Hangings and Window Shades.
Wholesale and Retail Salesrooms,
Corner Fourth and Market streets,
PHILADELPHIA.
Factory—Corner Twenty-third and Sansom Sts.
October 4, 1871-3m-pd.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES; NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum, in Advance.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

CLEARFIELD, PA.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, JAN. 10, 1872.

THE LAST MILE-STONES.

BY PEARL RIVERS.

Sixty years through shine and shadows—
Sixty years, my gentle wife,
You and I have walked together
Down the rugged road of life.
From the hills of Spring we started,
And through all the Summer land,
And the fruitful Autumn country,
We have journeyed hand in hand.

We have borne the heat and burden,
Toiling painfully and slow;
We have gathered in our harvest,
With rejoicing long ago.
Leave the uplands for our children—
They are strong to sow and reap;
Through the quiet Winter lowlands
Our level way we keep.

'Tis a dreary country, darling,
You and I are passing through;
But the road lies straight before us,
And the miles are short and few;
No more dangers to encounter—
No more hills to climb, true friend;
Nothing now but simple walking,
Till we reach our journey's end.

We have had our time of gladness;
'Twas a proud and happy day—
Ah! the proudest of our journey—
When we felt that we could say
Of the children God had given,
Looking fondly on the ten,
"Lovely women are our daughters—
Our sons are noble men!"

We have had our time of sorrow—
Our time of anxious fears,
When we could not see the mile-stones
Through the blindness of our tears.
In the sunny Summer country,
Far behind as little May
And Willie, too, grew weary,
And we left them on the way.

Are you looking backward, mother,
That you trouble in the snow?
I am still your guide and staff, dear;
Lean your weight upon me, so!
Our road is growing narrow;
And—what is it, wife, you say?
Yes! I know our eyes are dim, dear,
But we have not lost the way.

Cheer thee! cheer thee! faithful-hearted!
Just a little way before
Lies the great Eternal City
Of the King that we adore.
I can see the shining spires;
And the King, the King, my dear,
We have served him long and humbly;
He will bless us, do not fear.

Ah! the snow falls fast and heavy,
How you shiver with the cold,
Let me wrap your mantle closer,
And my arms around you fold.
We are weak and faint and weary,
And the sun low in the west.
We have reached the gates, my darling,
Let us tarry here and rest.

"The People of the United States."

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THE PHRASE?

We frequently hear individuals use the term, "National Democracy," and often read well written articles, by newspaper editors, on the "National Democratic Party." There is—there can be—no such Democracy, in the sense that the word is commonly, or rather correctly, used. The principles of Democracy are not national but federal. We have often enough attempted to show, and have, during our entire life, striven to teach, wherever we were competent to teach, this great fundamental truth, that the general government is federal and not national in its character. The word "National" was so obnoxious to the great and wise men who framed our Constitution, that they, by a unanimous vote, excluded it from that sacred (to them) instrument. And of course, there is no such body politic recognized by the constitutional laws of these United States as the "National Government." It is true that we hear this word often enough, but when not used in ignorance, it is used with some anti-American and revolutionary design. The present condition of the country demands that we should understand our position, and know the meaning of the phrase, "The people of the United States." In connection with this, we often hear another very improper, in fact meaningless, phrase in our government, viz: "that the United States is a government of majorities," meaning of course a majority of the whole people blended in one mass of political power, which is in no sense true. The Federal Government is a government of a majority of States, and has no possible reference whatever to the whole number of people in the country. It is a government, not of thirty odd millions of people, but of thirty odd States, and, under our Constitution, the rights of the States are undeniably the rights of the minority of the people. This is not a theoretical position, nor is it a new one, but a practicable, accepted and proven fact. Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the then United States, on this established constitutional fact, by a majority of the States, but was more than a million of votes short of having a majority of the whole people. Ever since the formation of the Federal Government, a minority of the people has had the operative power of the federal government in its hands; a fact which alone proves that this is a government of States and not of the people, as one political body. When the federal government was organized, in 1789, it was composed of only eleven States, and had fifty-nine representatives. Of this number, four of the States had thirty-two, and the other seven States had only twenty-seven representatives, and yet this minority of the people had power to elect a President, with a majority also of votes in the Senate.

Thus we see that, at the very foundation of the federal government, the minority had the power of exercising the treaty—making power, appointing all the judicial, executive and military officers of the government, and that too, if need be, in direct opposition to the opinion or wishes of a majority of the whole people. Now why was this? It was because this is not a government of the general people, at all, but of the States as individual independencies. To prove this, let us take the first census of 1796, where we find that the whole population of the thirteen States was 3,100,000 people, apportioned as follows,—in round numbers:

Massachusetts had 469,000; New York, 314,000; Pennsylvania, 424,000; Virginia and Kentucky, 503,000; making a total of 1,710,000; leaving to the other nine States but 1,390,000. In the four States named, they had fifty-six members of the House of Representatives, while the other nine had only forty-seven. Thus we see the minority of the people had eighteen votes in the United States Senate, while the majority had only eight votes. The minority had the power to elect a President and exercise all the power of the federal administration.

Take the second census, in 1800 when the federal government consisted of sixteen States and had a total population of 4,247,000, as follows:

In Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia (including Kentucky which was taken from Virginia), 2,226,000. The other twelve States had only 2,021,000, so that the four States had only eight votes in the Senate of the United States, and eighty-two votes for President, notwithstanding their large majority of the whole people at that time, while the minority sent to the Senate twenty-four votes and cast ninety-one for President. The minority, in fact, controlling every branch of the federal administration, with power, when they choose to use it, to amend the Constitution. Was the national government the government of a majority of the people then? To us it don't appear so.

Look at the third census, of 1810; now there were seventeen States, with a population of 5,765,000, of which the four States named had 2,948,000 and the balance had 2,717,000. Now, the four States had a majority of 231,000, equal to half the population of Massachusetts at the foundation of the federal government, but they still had only eight Senators, with one vote a piece, and one hundred and one for President, while the minority—and over a quarter of a million in the minority at that—had twenty-six votes in the Senate and one hundred and fourteen for President; the minority still ruling in the *national* government—this government of popular sovereignties, as the revolutionists are anxious to have it.

Now take the census of 1820. In six of the States, viz: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maine, Virginia and Kentucky, we find a population of 4,199,000. In the eighteen remaining States but 3,657,000. Then the six States named had a popular majority of 542,000, a greater number than any one of the original States had at the formation of the government, but notwithstanding this excess of over half a million over their sisters, they could count only twelve votes in the United States Senate and for President but one hundred and twenty-six, when this minority of half a million had thirty six votes in the Senate and one hundred and thirty-five for President. So we have still apparently no government of the whole people.

If the nationalists, or consolidationists, or revolutionists, are not satisfied with these examples, or surfeited with figures, let them examine the fifth census, of 1830, and they will find a popuation of 10,846,000 and six States with 5,535,000, and eighteen States with 5,311,000. This five millions five hundred and thirty-five thousand with still but twelve votes in the Senate, and one hundred and thirty-six for President, while this seemingly insignificant minority of one hundred and twenty-four thousand has thirty-six votes in the Senate, three times as many as the majority, and one hundred and fifty-three votes for President. So that all through, from the beginning of the federal government down to the present time, as can be easily shown, if it were necessary to pursue or hunt up the figures, this miscalled government of the whole people, as the consolidationists and centralizationists will have it, has been in the hands of a minority. A most chabby figure, certainly, to be shown by a government of majorities. Are we not justifiable in laughing at these jackanapes, who asserts that the federal government is of the whole people of the United States, as a single body politic? Indeed, the word majority does not apply to the federal government, so far as the number of people is considered. Its majority or minority can apply only to the States, in their character of body politic. It is a government not of the people but of the States. The State governments are the governments of the people, and there it is that popular sovereignty prevails. The federal government is simply the child and agent, doing business for the States, and it is time that the ignoramuses who talk of federal majorities be taught to apply the word to States, and not to the people. When we hear Democrats and Democratic editors speak of National Democrats, we feel like telling them that they are talking meaningless nonsense, and are only adopting the cant and ignorant perversions of the enemies of the Democracy, and the traitors and revolutionists who seem intent only on overthrowing the system of government made perfect as could be by our Constitution. They have substituted a new phrase for Union of States, and called it national unity; which means, when you get at the core of the thing, such a government as they have in Austria and Russia, where they have *national unity* in elegant perfection; where they construe it to mean national *oneness*, or a one-man power. In a federal system of government, in a Union of States, power is plural. It is as numerous or many as there are States in the Union. In the State governments, it is governed by the number of citizens of the State. The States being a sovereign power of the Union, it is competent for a majority of the whole people a State, to elect a Governor, but a majority of the whole people of the United States cannot, as we have shown, elect a President, because the people as one body have nothing to do with the matter. In the federal system, it is the business of the States and the people of the States, in their sovereign position as citizens of the State, or in their character of organized political communities. In intercourse with foreign countries, in all matters that concern our external affairs, such as commerce, the general defence, &c., &c., the States united form one nation; but in whatever relates to our domestic affairs, in our intercourse with each other, we are so many nations, each a perfect government in itself, as separate and distinct from the other as the government of China and Russia are from each other.

Judge Baldwin—and the Supreme Court of the United States never had an abler and purer jurist on the bench—says: "There can be no political absurdity more palpable than that which resulted from the theory that the people of the United States, as one people, have instituted a government of the people, a majority of the people government, or one which can be altered by the majority, for that majority has no one right, can do no one act, under the Constitution." Do not these words demonstrate beyond a doubt that the phrase, "People of the United States," means simply the people of the several States that are united? It may answer to tickle the vanity of the ignorant, to tell them different, but it insults the intelligence of every thinking man to do so. In our system "the people of the United States" are no where recognized as one people. They are the people of the States, and these States are united, or were united, under the Democratic federal system, in one federal system, in which the States are everything. The States are the sovereigns, the people have no political existence, only as they belong to the several States, and have no power only as they share it through the State governments; and any attempt to deprive these States of their sovereignty must, if successful, result in the overthrow of the system of government as established by our fathers. In one word, it will destroy the government. The whole administration of *Grant* is directed to this end; the whole force and power of the mongrel Congress is now directed to this treasonable purpose, and when we hear a man denying the sovereignty of the States, we set him down as a fool or a traitorous, revolutionary scoundrel. If some muddle-head tells you that the States yielded a part of their sovereignty to the United States government, tell him he is an ass. Let him know that the States delegated certain powers, but surrendered nothing. They are still the States, as ever holding the powers of the States. What they gave, they simply lent to the general government for the benefit of the States.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE.—It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor. Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. Idleness and luxury induce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor in general actually increases the term of life. It is the lack of occupation that annually destroys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and, like them, make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

AT WORK.—Hon. James H. Graham has resumed the practice of law in Carlisle after twenty years service on the Bench.

Soliloquy of a Christmas Tree.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Oh, dear! How it makes me groan to be a Christmas tree! I'm so burdened I can't stand upright. I'd rather be in the woods. Oh! how it relieves me to groan a little. I wonder what kind of a variety there is—wonder if I dare raise my eyes to see. Well, indeed! my very eyelids are weighed down, so I can scarcely look up!

It's a great comfort to be useful. When I stood out in the woods I seemed so weak and small that I thought I never would be of any use in the world, and if of any possible service, would have to wait a great while before I could have my day. So I often murmured, and wished I wasn't a little hemlock, but a great study oak, proudly spreading my branches to shelter man and beast from stormy wind and scorching sun, and my body fit at any time to grace some extensive manufacturing establishment. But now I know I'm not so wise as I imagined myself to be. One ought to be content with present circumstances, always, but I was'nt then, and less so now, for I'm over burdened; I can't hold up my once proud head, at all. Oh, what a blessing contentment is! Much greater than to be a burdened Christmas tree; yet, I can't help wishing to be of use in the world. So I'll cease repining, and try, once more, to raise my eyes and look around. What a pretty sight! I'm all bedecked with beautiful, bright lights, can't take time to count the number, but the children will think there are a great many gems on my robe, and stars on my crown. Stars that never grow dim are worthful things.

I'm opposed to wearing jewelry, or anything not needed to make one look and feel well, and I've a great deal more than is becoming to me; but shall have to submit to Lord Make-Ends-Meet and Lady Determination. I'm sorry to make a *vain* show of myself.

Why, here are, so many candy vases all quite full. I won't pretend to count them, but there are enough to be uncomfortably heavy, and make at least two hundred eyes bright, and half that number of hearts glad. Then by a great effort to get into the proper position from my extravagant burden, I see an endless variety of toys; some very pretty, a few useful, and others fresh from cheapside. Wonder who will get that pretty book, or that beautiful portemonia, that string of tempting marbles, or that fine looking album. Surely some poor child; for I'm a Christmas tree, and everything will be done just as He, whose birth this day commemorates, would have done, surely. Now I see such a pretty nicely dressed doll, hanging on my arm. I'm sure some *poor* child's heart will be made twice glad at receiving that; for I know rich children can afford these things at home, and would not appreciate the doll as could a poor child, and I know man is taught to respect all alike in that unering counsel of inspiration. I see a *fool's cap*. What possible use can a Sunday school make of that? There should no fools go to Sunday School, or they be quickly cured of the loathsome disease, when once enrolled as a member. It must be intended for some child who has only been once there. I see one very useful article—useful if the recipient is willing to make a practical demonstration of its usefulness—a dainty broom. Just now I see over my head the flag of "our county."—I'm proud enough that I'm thus highly honored. Don't see much besides to be *proud* of, unless there are some bibles, can't see any; but I'm sure a Sunday School wouldn't forget to have bibles on their Christmas tree. I'm not positive, however. Hope all will be treated alike—rich and poor should stand on equal footing here. But my stars are growing dim—one after another dying: so they do grow dim: and my robe soon will be gemless—my crown starless, and I ca——Oh, there comes Kriss Kinkle! my beauty has as good as vanished now. He looks horrid, it makes my blood chill; but I'm young, and many things are excusable where experience is looking, Kriss is busy. Ah, me!

* * * * *

It's a relief anyhow; the toys are all gone—like the old man, I'm shaven and shorn—ornaments all gone—becoming or unbecoming, useful or useless. Wonder if I've accomplished my mission, and been useful. Ah, *I* don't know. Wonder what the great, wise mind of my architect thinks—that's the criterion.

Well; my great burden taken off made me glad enough to raise my head, and stretch out my arms. And, oh, how glad it made the children—some of them. I think some felt just a little sad and disappointed. I only think so, and can't repeat tales—I'm not at liberty—so I had better not demonstrate my capacity for making observations, lest it be construed into meddling; and I'm only what *was* a Christmas tree—discrowned and disrobed, and expecting every moment to be cast out to die. I'm content now to do anything, even die, for I've had my day. Have I, or not, been useful? I'm not quite sure.

SOLILOQUY OF NON PROFESSOR.

That's a very handsome Christmas tree, and it's just the thing to please me. I havent much interest in the Sunday School, of course, and not much in the church. I should have, I'm frequently told, but somehow this occasion interests me. It just suits my nature—it gratifies my vanity, and is full of what we men of the world like; and then I have no conscientious scruples. But I think professors ought to have. I wonder if that great invisible being *they* call "Our Father" smiles on all their acts to-night?—Wonder if His eye reviews all with complacency: and are some of the parts acted just what the book containing His advice and commands, contains? I don't mean to think the children shouldn't be made glad over a Christmas tree.—by no means.—It does the heart of any generous minded person a world of good to know the glad eyes of the children grow brighter, and their hearts beat faster over the kindly gifts, and little folks are the very ones who don't forget to be grateful for gifts. But I'm real curious to know if all is done in a christian spirit (I see some true christians here—some,) and if only "the Sunday School children" are seen at such a time, and all distinction for once, forgotten. I'd like to know. I hope so, if I'm not a christian. I hope all entered their closets before they come here and asked God's blessings to crown all their deeds of kindness. I must have more curiosity to satisfy than I had a knowledg of; for now I'd like to know if it is quite right to have all this in a church, I was at the dedication of this one, and, if I remember, it was "solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God."—No christian! and yet I feel very restive under this fun, and, I may say, some confusion and folly. Perhaps it's only my weakness—perhaps, but I do feel like thinking, He to whom this house belongs don't like to see it misused. This is, or ought always to be, a solemn place, and all christians should feel great reverence for such a place. I wonder if they do to-night! Then the children have retentive memories, and when they come to church next time it must be a stupid one who will not think of Kriss Kinkle, and all the jolly actions of to-night. It will have its influence on them, I'm sure, let older folks be too sensible, or not, to dwell in thought upon it. Probably my soliloquy is the fruit of weak and preverted ideas, but I wish my mind were settled on this affair.

Description of an Iowa Fruit Farm.

We take the following description of Dr. John E. Ennis' fruit farm from a late number of the Clinton (Iowa) *Herald*. Mr. Ennis is personally known to a large number of our readers, and if any of them want to see a fruit farm, while "swinging" around through the great west, let them make a pop call at Clinton, Iowa, and take a view of this small wilderness of fruit and ornamental trees:

Adjoining the "twin cities" of Clinton and Lyons, and about a mile West from the center of Lyons, on a most beautiful spot, gently undulating, and far enough towards the high prairie land in our rear, to be of sufficient altitude to overlook Lyons, Fulton and a portion of Illinois, is the beautiful Nursery farm, belonging to Dr. John E Ennis, now developed so as to show a wealth of beauty and utility, not surpassed or equalled in extent, by any institution of the kind in our noble State.

Upon the invitation of the proprietor, we were shown through his grounds, and gained new knowledge of the resources of this region, which were before unknown to us.

The business which has now grown so large, was commenced by the Doctor, about six years ago, and was all contained on eight acres of land.—About two years afterwards it was enlarged, additional capital invested, and was conducted under the firm name of John E. Ennis & Co., and so carried on for two years, when the Doctor bought up the stock, and has since conducted it as an individual enterprise.

The farm contains 135 acres, that is part being put in condition to be wholly occupied as a nursery. There are now 100 acres in close cultivation.

To give the reader some idea of the extent of this Nursery, we will state there are now growing of

APPLE TREES,

grafted and seedings, from one to four years old, a million trees, These are in different stages of growth, a large part of the land, however being occupied with those from one to two years old. These all look thrifty and vigorous, and of large growth for their respective ages. Indeed from their rapid growth the Dr. tells us he has the most to fear, and has to be careful not to cultivate too much, for fear of the vigorous soil and fine climate hurrying them along too fast. Some idea of how vast a sum a million is, can be gained by walking over these ample grounds, covered thickly with apple trees, during which tramp one passes through forest after forest of trees, seemingly as numerous as the sands of the sea, and yet there are only about a million after all; but that is a thousand thousand, and would make a row on each side of the railroad from here to Portland, Maine, if placed about one rod apart.

OF EVERGREENS,

That are from 6 inches to six feet in height, he has fifteen hundred thousand now growing, the larger portion of which are seedlings, of a foot or less in height. The plat on which these are grown is covered with a brush screen, resting on posts some six feet high. This screen protects the young trees from the fierce rays of the sun, and thus keeps life and vigor in thousands that would otherwise die before gaining strength to exist independent of such shelter. He has many varieties of Evergreens, such as Arbor Vitæ, Balsam Fir, White and Scotch Pine, Norway Spruce, Hemlock, Cedar, &c.

OF FOREST TREES

consisting of Mountain Ash, Elm, Maple of the several varieties, Chesnut, Black Walnut, Honey Locust, and Osage Orange,—the two latter for Hedges,—he has ten acres. He is also cultivating extensively, the much praised European Larch, a vigorous grower, that will soon make shade and wood on our prairies.

Of Pears, Plum, Cherry, and Ornamental Trees, he has a large variety, and ample quantities. Also Grapes of many kinds and Strawberry plants, by the acre.

The business of the nursery runs largely to the raising of Seedlings for other Nursery-men in less favored climes, who find they can buy them here cheaper than to raise them where the price of land, and other conditions are not so favorable as the test has found them to be here. Hence he sells them by the hundred thousand to the great Nursery-men of Western New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, and Illinois. For that particular branch of the Nursery business, the Dr. claims he has a location unsurpassed, and gives his reasons which look sound. First he has the soil, rich, deep, clean, and exactly adapted for the easy production of trees.—Second, he claims that experience proves there are more gentle rains that sweep up and down the Mississippi river that come just in time to keep the little seedlings alive, and can be relied on with more certainty than at any other point in the country, where the Nursery business is carried on. Nursery men watch their things close, when nearly their all is dependent on timely rains. Third, he has the shipping facilities up and down the river, and east and west by rail; and an immense market easily reached. The East calls for seedlings, and from all other points of the compass comes a demand for seedlings, and well-developed, grafted trees.

For fertilizing, the Dr. uses green oats and clover plowed in sometimes three crops during the same season.

He has also, a fine orchard, which now, with its trees loaded with fine fruit demonstrates what his customers may expect from the several varieties; and right here we will say that the varieties cultivated are those that experience has demonstrated will flourish in the west, and having been produced in our soil and climate, will be far more likely to live and produce fruit, than those brought from a soil and clime so unlike ours.

Besides this, we want to say to all those who see the significance of the West being self-reliant in its productions and manufactures, that this great Nursery is just as much a manufactory, as is a cotton or a woolen mill, the building of which, in our midst, we should hail; for it employs from 20 to 70 men to take care of it, and fix all its numerous products ready for delivery to the cars or boat. So it will be seen it makes quite an interest that it well becomes the west to foster and patronize, aside from the fact that it produces trees the farmer can rely on to live with more certainty than eastern trees, and also sells them cheaper by an average of 20 per cent.

The Dr. has found that so much of his business has to be transacted in Clinton, that he has concluded to open an office here, for his principal place of business and Post Office address, and is to have it with Mr. Boynton on 2nd Street, between Young's Block and the Revere House. This will be a great convenience to those who wish to do business with the Nursery, and yet who do not need to visit the spot to get all they want.

A Beautiful Story.

Moncure D. Conway tells in the *World* a story of a female Communist recently shot in Paris, that must remind the reader, by its pathos and true self sacrifice, of some of the scenes in "A Tale of Two Cities." Mr. Conway vouches for the authenticity of the story.

During the Commune an eminent surgeon in Paris, who had no sympathy with it, employed himself in aiding the wounded who were brought to his hospital. His chief assistant was a woman—a Communist—who, day and night, nursed the wounded, and was the most valuable assistant the surgeon had. When the Commune fell the surgeon was arrested and marched to the drum head court martial. He supposed he would be shot. As he approached the door of the tribunal he met his late female assistant coming out between two soldiers.—"Why, Adele!" he exclaimed, "how came you here?" The woman fixed her eyes on him, and said, "I don't know you, sir."

The surgeon concluded that his case must indeed be hopeless, as this woman declined to acknowledge his acquaintance. Nevertheless, he got off somehow, and then learned that at the moment when Adele said, "I don't know you, sir," she was on her way to be shot, and was shot.—For fear of prejudicing his case she had repressed any disposition to cry to him for aid—she had denied herself the last word of sympathy proffered on her way to death! So much for one of these fiends in female shape.

The Murderess.

A reporter who interviewed Mrs. Fair, the California murderess, gives the following sketch of the result:

"Let me ask you," said the reporter, "a somewhat singular question; will you?"

"Certainly."

"Suppose that the Supreme Court refuses to allow you a new trial, would you accept a commutation of your sentence?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well it is hard to say to a woman in your position just what I mean. It is to this effect; suppose a petition was gotten up to commute your present sentence to imprisonment, would you accept it?"

"Never!" she answered, with a flush creeping across her cheek.

"What! You perfer the capital sentence?"

"Most certainly!"

"Why, may I ask? Is not life sweet to you?"

"Yes, it is; but I have a daughter who is now growing up, and, should I remain in prison, she would have to stay here and visit me. She is young, she would grow up without protection, and there would always rest on her the stain of my prison life. But if I die, she would go away somewhere else, and the stain would be forgotten." As she spoke of her daughter, a mist struggled for a moment with the magnetic currents in her eyes, but almost instantly disappeared as if dried up by the heat of the surface on which it appeared.

HOW THE TWEED CHARTER WAS GRANTED.—Tweed would never be denied his seat by Radicals of the N. Y. Senate, for the check-book, and the statement of his bank account, are accusers which they dare not face.—What is called the Tweed charter was passed mainly by Republican votes, and almost all these votes were bought. All but two Republican Senators received pay, whereas only one Democrat got a cent, and that one merely asked enough to cover his election expenses. Tweed stole as much to bribe Republicans as he did to benefit himself, and a fair share of the six millions about which so much clamor is made was used in that way.

JUST WHAT THE PEOPLE THINK.—"I believe," said Mr. Tipton, Republican Senator from Nebraska, in the Senate the other day, "that there is corruption, deep, damning and festering, all through this administration." The country believes so too.